BESSIE'S FISHING

One morning when spring was in her teens,
A morn to a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate grays and greens,
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

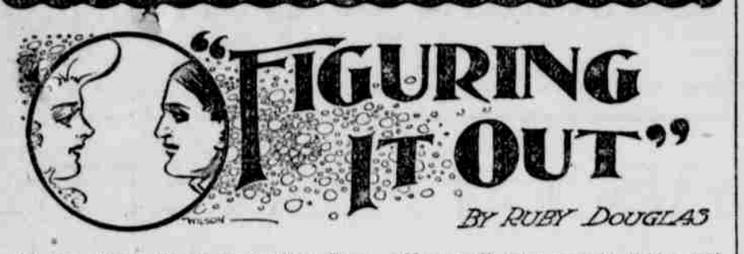
I in my rough-and-tumble clothes,
With my face at the sunshine's mercy;
She with her hat tipped down to her nose,
And her nose tipped vice versa.

I with my rod, my rest, and my books,
And a hamper of luncheon recesses;
She with the bait of her comely looks,
And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat down in the shade of a dyke,
Where the white pond lilies teeter,
And I went to fishing like quaint old Ike,
And she, like Simon Peter.

All day I lay in the light of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited;
But the fish were cunning and wouldn't rise,
And the baiter alone was baited.

So when the time for departure came,
My bag was as flat as a flounder;
But Bessie had nearly hooked her game—
A hundred-and-eighty-pounder.
—Unidentified.



"I can never thank you, Miss Carew," began Tom Stanton for the sixth time within half an hour.

He stood in front of the big, open fireplace in the Carew sitting room, very wet and disheveled. His overcoat and hat, soaked likewise, hung on the back of a chair before the fire. A pair of skates lay on the floor.

"In only one way, you may," answered Diana, at last.

She spoke as if she had suddenly determined to say something upon which she had been pondering. Each time Stanton had tried to thank her she had artfully turned the conversation into foreign channels and ignored his expressions of gratitude.

"Give me your solemn oath," she continued, "that you will never ask me to marry you, and I am fully thanked for what I have done. Yes, I know that sounds presumptuous, Mr. Stanton, but nowadays persons labor under the delusion that if a girl does some—O some little thing like I did—for a man, that he is in honor bound to ask her to marry him. I won't have it, so promise."

She looked as well as he did in heavy wet clothing and with his hair curling recklessly about his broad, white forehead.

"But you save—" he began, but was interrupted.

"Don't—don't dare to say it! I did not!" And Miss Carew stamped her foot emphatically.

"But you did; you saw me floundering about among the chunks of ice and you ran all the way, at a great risk to yourself, and pulled me out. I was foolish to skate on such dangerous ice. I could never have crawled out before I was frozen—so there! I must refute your denial. What do you call it, Miss Carew?"

"Never mind, only give me your promise. It was mere luck that I happened to be in the window of my room and saw you go in. I know the air holes in the slough, living so near. Your promise?" she said interrogatively.

"Is that quite fair?" he asked. "Suppose—"

"No, I won't! I would never, never marry a man who thought I had saved his life even if it were years and years afterwards. I should always feel that he asked me out of gratitude."

"But I won't feel that way," said Stanton, honestly feeling it might be true, but smiling down at the look of despair she gave him.

"There you are, this very minute," she argued, "before you have known me an hour, already contemplating it. O please promise!"

Diana was so earnest that Stanton

"Don't—don't dare to say it!"

stopped smiling and turned his other side to the fire before answering.

"I'll promise on the condition that you will permit me to continue our acquaintance—if I may come to see you and learn to be friends. I could not thank you in a lifetime for what you have done, so we will let that pass. It was brave and—"

He was going to say sweet, but refrained wisely. Neither did he tell her he had the wet belt and tie which she had knotted together. He would keep that always.

"Very well, now promise," she said, extending her hand.

He took it in his. "I promise, Miss Carew, never to ask you to marry me out of gratitude," he said.

"No, no, no!" she cried, hopelessly, and taking her hand abruptly from him. "Promise never, under any circumstances, to ask me to marry you."

He hesitated while he looked earnestly into her eyes. And because he saw a troubled, eager expectancy in her expression he took her hand again and said, "I promise." But he was sorry the moment the words had left his lips.

Now that she had extracted her promise Diana chatted on merrily with

"Is it all figured out?"

Stanton, and long before he was dry enough to go out of doors she had learned why she had never seen him before.

He had only the night before come to Cedar Rapids and, in wandering about to get his bearings in the town before taking up his duties with his firm, had come upon the Little Slough. He had secured some skates at a nearby shop and—Diana knew the rest.

In due time he came to call. Only one subject was tabooed when they were together, and that was the skating accident and the promise.

"Diana," said Tom one night—he had called her Diana for some time. "I did not promise to refrain from telling you I love you, and I do! I love you better than anything in life, and if you can't figure out some way out of my difficulty, I shall be sorry your were in your window that morning. I shall, Diana!" He tried to take her hands and to force her to look at him.

"Tom Stanton, don't you dare!" she said, laughing at his seriousness. "You are dangerously near breaking your promise, and I won't pull you out if you go over the brink as I did on the ice."

Almost a year after Diana had extracted her promise from Stanton she came into the room where he was waiting for her and sat down beside him on the couch.

"Have you a pencil and paper, Tom?" she asked. "I want you to figure something for me." She moved close to him.

"But first, Tom, are you quite, quite sure that you love me—that you would have loved me anyway? No—" she said, repelling his attempt to take her hands. "Tell me."

"Yes, positively sure, Diana," he said, earnestly. "Are you going to release me?"

"Nonsense!" she cried. "I just wanted to be sure; I will never release you from that promise."

Silence fell between them for a moment. He was thinking of how many times within the year she had raised his hopes, only to dash them to the ground again. And yet he loved her.

"Now put down the figures I tell you," she said, after a minute, "and don't ask questions. One."

He put a figure one on the paper.

Beside it a nine," said Diana. He did it.

"Naught! Four!" said Diana, excitedly.

"Very well," said Tom.

"Now divide it by four," she said.

"Four hundred and seventy-six," he read, when he finished. "Well, what of it?" He was mystified beyond expression.

"Is it all figured out?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And can't you see that 1904 is devisible by four and that it's leap year, and—O, Tom, I love you so. Won't you marry me? Please do," she cried.

And if taking her in his arms and holding her as if he would never let her go again was giving a positive answer, Diana's leap year proposal was accepted.—Ruby Douglas, in Boston Globe.

GARDEN OUT OF PLACE.

Mistake Was in Locating It on Baseball Diamond.

Henry Turner Bailey, until recently State Supervisor of Art of Massachusetts, says there is a wrong and a right way to induce the children to love the beautiful, and he tells the following story as an illustration. A superintendent of schools, during the vacation period, made a beautiful garden in a school yard, thinking that if he made it beautiful enough the boys would not destroy it. With September a lot of energetic boys came back to school, and in a few weeks the garden was trampled down and ruined. The townspeople were indignant at the ruffianly behavior of the schoolboys, and spoke of them in rather harsh terms. Early in the spring there was a change of superintendents, and the new man heard almost immediately of the spoiled garden. He went up to the school and made friends with the boys, and then he said, "You boys don't like flowers, do you?"

They declared emphatically that they did.

"Then why did you ruin that flower garden?" he asked.

"Well," said the spokesman of the crowd, "they ought to have known better than to make it on our baseball diamond."

COULD NOT FOOL DARWIN.

Great Scientist at Once Settled Status of the Bug.

Miss Daisy Leiter has brought back from London a story about Charles Darwin.

"Two English boys," said Miss Leiter, "being friends of Darwin, thought one day that they would play a joke on him. They caught a butterfly, a grasshopper, a beetle and a centipede, and out of these creatures they made a strange, composite insect. They took the centipede's body, the butterfly's wings, the grasshopper's legs and the beetle's head and they glued them together carefully. Then, with their new bug in a box, they knocked at Darwin's door.

"'We caught this bug in a field, they said. 'Can you tell us what kind of a bug it is, sir?'

"Darwin looked at the bug and then he looked at the boys. He smiled slightly.

"'Did it hum when you caught it?' he asked.

"'Yes,' they answered, nudging one another.

"'Then,' said Darwin, 'it is a humbug.'"

The World Beautiful.

Oh, dwellers on the lovely earth,
Why will ye break your rest and mirth
To weary us with fruitless prayer?
Why will ye toil and take such care
For children's children yet unborn,
And garner store of strife and corn,
To gain a scarce remembered name,
Cumbered with lies and soiled with shame?
And if the gods care not for you,
What is this folly ye must do
To win some mortal's feeble heart?
Oh, fools! when each man plays his part,
And heeds his fellow little more
Than these blue waves that kiss the shore,
Take heed of how the daisies grow,
Oh, fools! and if ye could but know
How fair a world to you is given,
O brooder on the hills of heaven.

When for my sins thou drawst me forth,
Hadst thou forgot what this was worth
Thine own hand made? The tears of men,
The death of three score years and ten,
The trembling of the timorous race—
Had these things so bedimmed the place
Thine own hand made, thou couldst not know
To what a heaven the earth might grow,
If fear, beneath the earth were laid,
If hope failed not, nor love decayed.
—William Morris.

Wooing Done by Music.

Among the Yao Midos, one of the many Burmese-Tartar people, the young men woo their wives absolutely without words, but to the sound of music. On the first day of winter they have a great feast, at which all the marriageable girls gather and listen to the music made by the bachelors, who sit under the "desire tree," each playing his favorite instrument. As the maiden he loves passes him the youth plays louder and more feelingly. If the girl ignores him and passes on he knows that she will have none of him; if she steps up to him and lays a flower upon the instrument he jumps up, grasps her by the hand, taking care not to drop the flower, and they go away together.

How Did He Do It?

Charles M. Schwab is still telling his friends his amusing experiences while abroad. One of these relates to an inscription he saw on the placard fastened to the breast of a beggar in Paris. Here is the literal translation:

"Gentlemen and Ladies—Kindly assist a poor man who has lost both his arms and is compelled to hold out his hands for alms."—New York Times.

Stoddard's Modesty.

As is not the case with many present-day celebrities, no one could justly accuse Richard H. Stoddard with being puffed up with an exaggerated idea of his own greatness.

"Well," said a friend to him several years before his death, "the papers will say a lot about you when you die."

"My friend," was the poet's quiet reply, "I will scarcely be mentioned."

TRAPPIST MONKS HOKKAIDO

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE)

I begin this letter in the monastery established by the Roman Catholic monks of La Trappe, near the village of Tobetsu in Hokkaido. As nothing is said of this remarkable institution in any of the guide books of Japan, I think I may dwell somewhat in detail on my experiences here.

The monastery, which is visible from the landing place, is not a building of any architectural pretensions. It consists of a white, barnlike, one-storied structure, about 200 feet in length and facing the sea, this main building being flanked by two higher buildings, whose gables are turned toward the visitor and cut in two equal parts by an entrance door, behind which rises a church steeple sixty or eighty feet high, bearing on the summit a cross, and near the summit a large terra cotta image of the Madonna and Child.

The effect of this severe edifice, standing out against a bleak mountain, is austere. Before reaching the monastery one passes a long, low building, used as an orphanage, and a more pretentious building used as a school.

A good deal of the land about the monastery seemed to be cultivated by the monks, but their waving fields of corn contrasted strongly with the uncultivated and apparently uninhabited country around about, while the deserted appearance of the gloomy building in front of us was heightened by the entire absence of life and movement. It was not till we had arrived at the entrance gate that there was any indication that the place was not deserted. A busy, bustling little brother in a brown monk's robe, with a hood and a leathern girdle, then rushed out to welcome us. His head was bare, his grown beard, long and flowing, his face rather handsome, with aquiline nose and bright, vivacious eyes, but rather pale and worn. He insisted on carrying our luggage himself to the guests' quarter on the right, which contained by far the most comfortable rooms in the house.

Everything our eyes encountered was monastic. The entrance hall contained large statues of the Sacre Coeur, Notre Dame de Lourdes, and St. Joseph. The long cloister along which we passed was hung with sacred texts and pious maxims in Latin and Japanese.

It seems that we were not received exactly according to the manner laid down in the rules, but it can be easily understood of course that some unimportant changes in matters of detail may be advantageously made in this country. According to the old rule of the order two religieux present themselves first of all before the visitor and prostrate themselves flat on the floor, remaining in that position a few seconds, their foreheads pressed against the threshold. This is, as may be seen, exactly similar to the ordinary everyday method of salutation in use among Japanese teahouse girls, and far from impressing Japanese visitors would rather serve to amuse them. This, I suppose, is why this custom has been abandoned.

Next the two religieux invite the visitor, by signs only, to follow them to the church "parce que le Maitre de la maison, c'est Dieu." On returning to the hotellerie, one of the two takes up a religious book and reads a chapter of it for the benefit of the newcomer. "Le chapitre que vous entendez lire parait toujours avoir ete ecrit pour vous."

As I have already remarked, my friend and I were conveyed directly to the hotellerie, and, as it was near noon, the lay brother who had taken charge of us from the beginning, and who seemed to have charge also of the guests' quarter, hastened to order tiffin for us, deploring at the same time that we had not warned him beforehand of our coming so that he might have had something really nice ready for us.

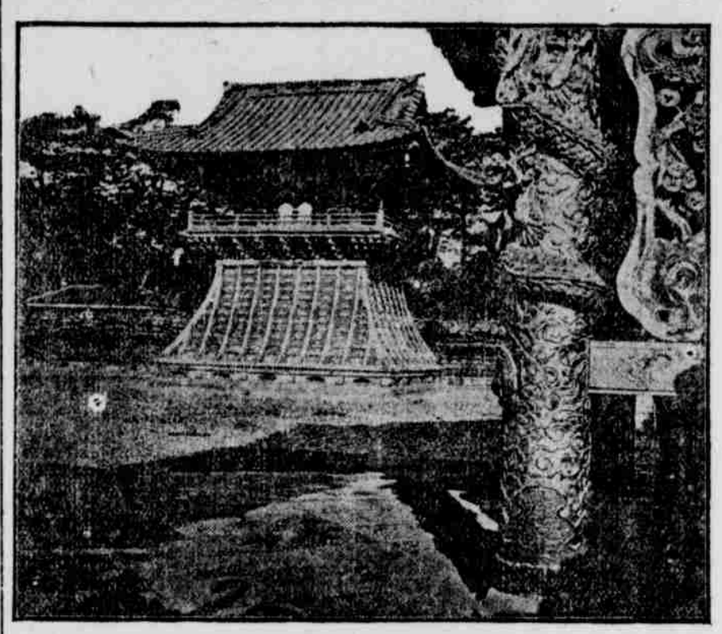
This lay brother was, strange to say, a Dutchman, and he told us that the cook was a Dutchman also. It was only for guests, however, that this Dutch friar No. 2 officiated in the kitchen, the ordinary cook of the community being a Japanese brother, and, considering that the Trappists are strict vegetarians and only eat very simple dishes, a Japanese ought to suit them very well.

There are twelve foreigners in the community—two Dutchmen, one Italian, and the rest, including the prior, Frenchmen. Strange to say, the Japanese monks outnumber the foreigners, numbering as they do thirteen. Eight of them are novices.

The monks work with their hands for six hours a day, and pray a little more than six hours, the rest of their time being devoted to domestic affairs or to reading. In winter, study is their principal occupation, which means that they study a good deal, for winter lasts six months in this part of Japan, which is further north than Aomori, where 200 soldiers were lost in the snow last January. During that period of the year the cold is intense, and the snow sometimes attains a great height, so that the monks have to issue in straw snow shoes to gather fuel on the mountain. For the same reason great care has been taken to heat the monastery thoroughly, and we could observe that the wall of every chamber was pierced to allow of the passage of a stovepipe. Brother Leonard told us that in winter water is frozen in the chapel, even at a short distance from the stove.

The wind, too, is sometimes very strong, and on that account there are double windows in at least one chamber, a chamber set apart for guests.

The monks get seven hours' sleep. They go to bed at 8, rise at 2, and sleep for an hour after the midday repast, which is the only meal they take, excepting a light collation in the evening.



Entrance to Temple.

Old Bell in Hokkaido.

Handsome Bible.

The most beautiful volume in the Congressional Library at Washington is a Bible which was transcribed on parchment by a monk in the sixteenth century. The general lettering is in the German text, each letter is perfect and there is not a scratch or blot from lid to lid. Each chapter begins with a large illuminated letter, in which is drawn the figure of a saint, some incident of whom the chapter tells.

"Graveyard of North Pacific."

"The graveyard of the North Pacific" is the somber but expressive name that was bestowed on the west coast of Vancouver island so many years ago that the identity of the man who named it has been lost. Time has not changed the significance of that name, and the harvest of death and destruction of property still go on.

Tell Fortunes by Kites.

On the flat housetops of Morocco girls may often be seen flying kites which they believe will give an augury of their future. If the kite remain unbroken good fortune is in store for them; if mishap befall it, evil days will be their portion. Their faith in the oracle is so great that mishap to the kite plunges them in dejection.

Obvious.

This is a Chinese saying: When the sword is rusty, the plow bright, the prisons empty, the granaries full, the steps of the temple worn down and those of the law courts grass-grown; when doctors go afoot, the bakers on horseback, and the men of letters drive in their own carriages, then the empire is well governed."

Goldenrod the Favorite.

Twenty-one of the forty-five states of the Union have adopted a state flower. The goldenrod has proved to be the favored one in four states—Alabama, Missouri, Nebraska and North Dakota. None has taken the trailing arbutus (May flower), and it is suggested that New Hampshire choose it.

Where Frogs Are Raised.

The states supplying the largest quantity of frogs for the market are California, Missouri, New York, Arkansas, Maryland, Ohio, Virginia and Indiana. Frogs are very plentiful in New York, but they bring less than those of the Western States because of their small size.

Used in Disseminating News.

Of all the paper produced in the United States, New York uses one-eighth for its newspapers. It is estimated that all the paper mills of this country turn out about 4,000 tons each day, and of this the newspaper presses of its chief metropolis consume 500 tons.

Decries American Women.

A Hungarian writer, Dr. Emil Reich, declares that the number of distinguished women workers in America in the domains of art, letters and science is ludicrously small compared with the number of brilliant women authors and women painters of Europe.

Old Notion of Sea Serpent.

Olaus Magnus wrote in the middle ages of a sea serpent 200 feet long and 20 feet thick which haunted rocks and caves near the sea coast, the old writer adding, "and he puts up his head on high like a pillar and catcheth away men, and he devours them."

Bigger Men Than Our Ancestors.

"The young man of to-day has outstripped the men of past generations, in so far as physical development is considered. The change is due to the love of athletic recreation." This is the consensus of opinion among American tailors.

Digging for Thorium.

Thorium, which gives light from a gas mantle its intensity, was a curiosity twenty years ago, but hundreds of persons are now making a living digging it in North Carolina, and the annual output is worth $500,000.

Diamonds Denounced.

There is a preacher in Manchester who has been expressing his regret that Britain spends £3,000,000 a year on diamonds, "a stone whose history is associated with every class of crime and vice."

Licorice in Tobacco.

Americans buy about $500,000 worth of licorice root annually in Smyrna. The licorice from it is used almost entirely in chewing tobacco.

Must Pay for Crests.

For wearing a crest upon a finger ring without a license, a man was fined $5.75 in a London court the other day.

Coal for War Purposes.

France has kept 200,000 tons of coal stored at Toulon since 1893, to be ready in case war should break out.

Male and Female Vanity.

Women are no more vain of their looks than men of their ability. If you wish to flatter a man it is sufficient to say: "In business every one recognizes your genius."—Anna Woodward.

Ascertain Your Feelings.

Schopenhauer said: "If you want to find out your real opinion of any one, observe the impression made upon you by the first sight of a letter from him."